

Everyone Should Drink Hot Water in the Morning

Wash away all the stomach, liver, and bowel poisons before breakfast.

To feel your best day in and day out, to feel clean inside, no sour taste to coat your tongue and sicken your breath or dull your head; no constipation, bilious attacks, sick headache, colds, rheumatism or gassy, acid stomach you must bathe on the inside like you bathe outside.

This is vastly more important, because the skin pores do not absorb impurities into the blood, while the bowel pores do. Says a well-known physician:

"To keep these poisons and toxins well flushed from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels, drink before breakfast each day, a glass of hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it. This will cleanse, purify and freshen the entire alimentary tract, before putting more food into the stomach."

Get a quarter pound of limestone phosphate from your druggist or at the store. It is inexpensive and almost tasteless, except a sourish tinge which is not unpleasant. Drink phosphated hot water every morning to rid your system of these vile poisons and toxins; also to prevent their formation.

To feel like young folks feel; like you felt before your blood, nerves and muscles became saturated with an accumulation of body poisons, begin this treatment and above all, keep it up!

As soap and hot water act on the skin, cleansing, sweetening and purifying so limestone phosphate and hot water before breakfast, act on the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels.—Adv.

Nothing a lie won't always keep it down.

Throw Off Colds and Prevent Grip. When you feel a cold coming on, take LAXATIVE BISMUTH QUININE. It restores mucus to the throat and drives out the griping germs. It is Dr. GILBY'S signature on the box.

The little word "if" blunts the point of many a sound argument.

SWAMP-ROOT FOR KIDNEY DISEASES

There is only one medicine that really stands out prominently as a remedy for diseases of the kidneys, liver and bladder.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-root stands the highest for the reason that it has proven to be just the remedy needed in thousands upon thousands of even the most distressing cases. Swamp-root, a physician's prescription for special diseases, makes friends quickly because its mild and immediate effect is soon realized in most cases. It is a gentle, healing vegetable compound.

Start treatment at once. Sold at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes—fifty cents and one dollar.

However, if you wish first to test the great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

Home Talent.

A man from "upstate" had gone to a theater in New York. In an interval between the acts he turned to the metropolitan who had the seat next to him.

"Where do all them troopers come from?" he inquired.

"I don't think I understand," said the city dweller.

"I mean them actors up yonder on the stage," explained the man from afar. "Was they brought on specially for this show or do they live here?"

"I believe most of them live here in town," said the New Yorker.

"Well, they do purty blamed well for home talent," said the stranger.—Philadelphia Chronicle-Telegraph.

Exceeded Instructions.

My little granddaughter was invited to lunch at a neighbor's. She is rather notional in her eating. On leaving I said to her: "Now, if there is anything put on your plate that you do not like, don't say anything. Just eat a little of it if you can, but make no remarks."

On her return she said: "Grandma, there was a dish that I don't like (beans). I didn't want the folks to know that I didn't like them, so I ate two dishes."—Exchange.

Persistent.

"Be sure and get the right tooth, doctor."

"Don't worry, I'll get it if I have to pull out every tooth in your head."—Life.

STOPPED SHORT

Taking Tonics, and Built up on Right Food.

The mistake is frequently made of trying to build up a worn-out nervous system on so-called tonics.

New material from which to rebuild used up tissue cells is what should be supplied, and this can be obtained only from proper food.

"I found myself on the verge of a nervous collapse, due to overwork and study, and in illness in the family," writes a Wisconsin woman.

"My friends became alarmed because I grew pale and thin and could not sleep nights. I took various tonics, but their effects wore off shortly after I stopped taking them. My food did not seem to nourish me. Reading of Grape-Nuts, I determined to stop the tonics and see what a change of diet would do. I ate Grape-Nuts four times a day with cream, and drank milk also, went to bed early after eating a dish of Grape-Nuts."

"In about two weeks I was sleeping soundly. In a short time gained weight and felt like a different woman. Grape-Nuts and fresh air were the only agents used to accomplish the happy result." "There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Ever read the above letters? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

The Heart of Night Wind By Vingie E. Roe

Illustrations by Ray Walters

A STORY OF THE GREAT NORTHWEST

CHAPTER I.

Out of the Vine Maples. Siletz sat, her knees drawn up to her chin, on the flat top of a fir stump. Beside her lay Coosah, heavy muzzle on huge paws, his eyes as pale as the girl's were dark. They were hill-bred both. Perhaps that account for the delight both found in the solitude of this arctic, where they could look down toward the west on the feathery, green sea of close-packed pine and fir, of spruce and hemlock—and toward the east on the narrow strip of tide-water slough and the unpeopled shacks of the lumber camp dotted above its railway. It was the magnificent timber country of the great Northwest.

Siletz was wondering, as she always did, how far the mountains ran to the south, how far it was to that "Prisco" of which she had heard so much from the tramp loggers who came and went with the seasons, their "turkeys" on their backs and the joyous liberty of the irresponsible forever tagging at their eccentric heels.

Over the facing ridge she knew that the cold Pacific roared and coaxed on the ships, to play with them in the hell of Vancouver coast. She could hear it sometimes when the pines were still; yet she had never seen it.

She had pictures of it in her mind many pictures. She knew well how it would look when she should see it—a gray floor, a world of it, shot through with the reds and purples of a tardy sun. Of the cities she had no clear pictures. They were artificial, man-made, therefore alien to her, who knew only nature, though she had listened intently to romances from every corner of the globe; for Dally's lumber camp had been a queer lot.

It all resolved itself into these dreams when she sat on the edge of a fir stump, or, better yet, in the excited cloud-high airiness of the very apex of the Hog Back.

There had been no sun, neither to-day nor for many days; and yet there was as surely presence of approaching night as if shadows forewarned Siletz had hoped for a break, one of those short seasons when the sun should shoot for a moment into the gloom transfiguring the world. Now, as she scanned the west, the dog and fawn rose from beside her, peering down with his huge head thrust forward, his pendulous ears swaying. A hundred feet below in a tangle of vine-maple something was laboring. Presently the slim trees parted and out of their tangle struggled a horse, a magnificent black beast with flaring nostrils and full, excited eyes. After every few steps it turned its head to right or left with the instinct of the mountain breed to zigzag, and as often the man in the saddle pulled it sharply back.

With the first sight of the intruders the girl on the high stump had sprung up, leaning forward, a growing excitement in her face. It was the horse that caused it. Something was stirring within her all suddenly and her heart beat hard. She gripped her braids tight in both hands and swayed.

"Blunderer," she said aloud. "Oh, the blunderer!"

Then she cupped her hands at her lips and called down: "Let him alone! He knows how to climb! Let him alone!"

The man looked up startled, and tightened his grip on the rein. The gallant animal went down upon its side, rolling completely over, to lodge feet downward, against a stone. The man swung sideways out of the saddle, saving himself with a splendid quickness. Before he could gather himself for action the girl tore down upon him.

"What have you done?" she cried wildly. "What have you done to it?"

She dropped on her knees and her hands went fluttering over the black head in a very passion of pity, touching the white star on the forehead, smoothing the quivering nostrils.

"Why didn't you let him climb his own way? He knew—he's a hunter-grasser. Nothing could go straight up!"

She raised her eyes to him and he saw they were burning behind a film of tears. He saw also what gave him a strange feeling of shock—a faint, blue tracery extending from the left corner of her lips downward nearly to the point of the chin, a snarling fragment of a tattooed design. Her eyes were very dark and her hair

HAD NOT THE SAME RESULT

Soldiers Saw Great Difference in Rewards Offered by the Two Hospital Nurses.

There is on the Breton coast a little seaside resort nestled in an admirable setting of rocks and groves and equipped with a Grand Hotel of the Beach, which has been transformed in these sadly changed days into a hospital for wounded soldiers of France.

For all that there are other people on the sands besides the convalescent heroes, and especially any number of pretty women, always ready to lend their help to the doctors in charge. Among these a charming dancer from the Theater of Varieties in Paris was particularly lavish with her attentions to the soldiers. One day when she was present a big, dark fellow from the South manifested an invincible repugnance to a bitter dose which, by the doctor's orders, he was to drink.

"If you are a good boy and do what the doctor tells you," said the dancer, "you may kiss me."

Instantly and with one gulp, the big fellow swallowed the stuff, wiped his great mustache and claimed his reward. It was all done so prettily that even the head surgeon permitted himself to smile.

But the real comedy began when the head nurse, a matron turning fifty appeared next morning and announced: "Every one of you who takes his medicine will be allowed to kiss me!" The effect was immediate. Each and every patient made a race and put down on the table beside him the dose which he had been about to swallow.

parted after the first fashion of woman, was straight and very dark also. "You're right," he said coldly, "nothing could—in such a country, Stan back, please."

Siletz looked up at him and instinctively rose to her feet, though 's skin body was alert with an unconfident readiness for prevention of something.

But the man only stepped to the black's head, tightened the rein a bit and clucked encouragingly.

"Come up," he said sharply. "up, boy!"

The horse stretched its head forward, arched its neck, gathered its feet and lurched mightily upward finding difficulty and floundering a little by reason of the stone which had saved it from rolling down the mountain. It placed its feet gingerly, bracing against the declivity, shook itself vigorously, drew a good, long breath and turned its soft nose to investigate the girl. With a little gurgling cry her hands went out again to caress him, hungrily, forgetful of the man, her face alight with the joy of his escape from injury. She smiled and passed her hands along the high neck, over the shoulder, down to the knee, bending to finger with a deft swiftness the fetlock and pastern.

When she looked up again she smiled at the man frankly, her anger gone.

"He's all right, but you want to give him the rein. He knows how to go up all right. All Oregon horses can climb if you give them their time and way."

He slipped the bridle over his arm. "I'm looking for Dally's lumber camp. Can you tell me how to get there and how near I am?"

"It's right over the ridge. You'll see it from the top!"

"Thanks," he said, lifted his soft, gray hat perfunctorily and turned up the slope.

He took the ascent straight, with a certain grimness of purpose. Soon he felt a slight pull on the reins toward the left, which slackened immediately to repeat itself to the right. The black was trying to zigzag in the narrow

way into the hills.

"It's my one comfort," Ma was wont to say, "though land knows I don't get to set in it more'n a quarter what I'd like."

As the loggers slid noisily on to the benches, their caulks giving up the mud they had held purposely for the sweep foot, Siletz came and went, setting the substantial viands in the open spaces left in the expanse of white oilcloth. She exchanged a word here and there, always a sensible word, something of the work, the day, or the men themselves. She was putting a plate of cookies, sugar-sanded with currants on top, between Jim Anworthy and a black-haired Pole when a foot struck the step at the west door. There was something in the sound that drew every head around at once. A stranger stood against the misty darkness between the jambs.

He was young, apparently about twenty-five or six well set up, with straight shoulders above narrow hips and a pose that claimed instant attention. He removed his soft hat holding it in his hand, while his bright, blue eyes looked imperiously over the room. Over his shoulder a pair of big dark ones peered anxiously, while a black muzzle with a small white patch nosed his elbow aside.

"John Dally?"

It was a call that demanded, not a question.

From the head of the nearest table a giant of a man, easy natured, lax featured, loose joints banded together by steel sinews, rose lumberingly.

"I'm him," he said.

The man in the door brought his eyes sharply to focus on his face, reading it with lightning rapidity.

"I'm the Dillingworth Lumber company—or most of it," he said clearly. "and I've come to stay. Where shall I put my horse?"

There was a startled silence after these amazing words. An unexpressed ejaculation went from face to face up and down the tables. Then John Dally showed why he was the best foreman in that region. He got himself loose from the end bench and walked over to the door.

"All right, Mr.—?"

He waited easily, as if it was perfectly natural for strangers to drop from a hilltop and announce themselves the ruling power of the country or more strictly speaking one of the ruling powers, for there were two.

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Sea-Wall Proved True. The value and durability of the great sea-wall built at Galveston following the disaster of 1900 were amply demonstrated on August 17 and 18 when a storm probably equaling in fury that devastated the city last year, swept the harbor. Communications across the six-mile arm of the sea between the Texas mainland and Galveston immediately was cut off the concrete causeway on which the railroad enters the city having been breached. The wind and sea hurled themselves upon Galveston for two days and nights. But the great concrete sea wall successfully resisted the fury of the elements, although the rain turned the streets into rivers.

Not Surprising Novadays. King Peter of Serbia snatched a rifle from a diving soldier in the trenches and proceeded to load and fire the thing. "Novadays we are as much surprised at a king who roasts pheasants as the knights of old would be at a king who did not—Luton Journal.

lanced involuntarily back along the way he had come.

The girl still stood by the boulder looking up, her face illumined by that light he had noticed, and he was quick enough to comprehend that it was pastionate longing for the big black behind him. She had forgotten his presence. Out of the ferns had crept the mammoth mongrel. They two stood together in a subtle comradeship which struck him by its isolated sufficiency.

CHAPTER II.

An Amazing Arrival.

It was quitting time—quitting time in the coast country, which means whatever time the light fades. Presently the loggers came creeping down the trail, sturdy men in spiked boots laced to the knee, blue flannel shirts, and for the most part corduroys. They trooped down to the cook shack a long building of unpainted pine. Its two side doors leading, the one into the dining room, the other sheltered by a rude porch, into the kitchen.

Inside, "Ma" Dally, a white-haired general of meals and rief in their order, creased heavily from oven to oven, his placid face flaming with the heat of the great steel range.

The eating room was long and narrow, its pine floor innocent of covering. From end to end ran two long tables, neat in white oilcloth, with intervals of catchup bottles, pepper sauce, sugar bowls, cream pitchers and solidly built receptacles for salt and pepper. Along both edges stood an array of white earthenware plates flanked by bone-handled knives and forks and tin spoons.

At the west, beside an open door, was a high pine desk littered with papers, a telephone hung at one side. A small table stood before a window with a rocking chair in proximity—one of those low, old-fashioned rocking chairs that old women use, and that invariably hold a patchwork cushion with green fringe, and a white knitted tidy. That rocker was part of Dally's camp. It had followed the march of progress as the camp cut its way into the hills.

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"Sandy" finished the other, "Waiter Sandy—from New York."

"Come in, Mr. Sandy—you're just in time."

Dally turned back to the lighted room.

"Siletz, give Mr. Sandy my place Harrison, I'll have to take your filing bag for tonight. Tomorrow we'll fix things in better shape."

The sawdust, an important percentage and one to be conciliated, frowned in his plate, but the foreman had lost sight of him. He reached out a huge hand and took the bridle-rein from the newcomer.

Already this man was standing in the rude building, with a high headed air of force, of personality that made itself felt in the most stolid nature present. He glanced down the double line of faces and for a second, a fractional, fleeting moment, seemed to hesitate. Then he laid his hand on the small table, walked round to Dally's empty seat, swung a leather putten and a well-built shoe over the bench and sat down. He was in place, and a vague feeling of adjustment, of solidity, accompanied him, as if he was there, as he said, to stay. Every man in the room felt it; and one of those strange sensations of portent communicated itself to them, as when the everyday affairs of life come to a turn in the road.

Dally's was on the eve of a change. The girl was putting a thick white plate, hot from boiling water, before him, deftly laying the simple cutlery, pushing back an intruding dish

There was an air of detachment about her. No portion of her garments touched him. She was always so aloof in a quiet way. Now, as she tended the stranger silently, one of her long braids slipped over her shoulder and fell across his hand. He drew away from the contact sharply and a dozen pairs of eyes saw the action.

"Hell!" murmured a man at the other side in mild amazement.

But not even the importance of the arrival of the Dillingworth Lumber company could keep silent this bunch of men from the ends of the earth.

They were free lances, following wherever fancy and the lumber camps led them through the mountains and the big woods, contented in this place or moving on, bound by no rules as in dependent and unholdable as the very birds of the air.

In three minutes the laughter was sweeping gustily again, accompanied by the solid clink of cook-shack dishes, the clatter of knives for the most part used as very adequate shovels, and Walter Sandy was forgotten or passed over.

An hour later he stood alone in the middle of a tiny room at the south of the building, looking fixedly at the yellow flame of a glass hand-lamp on a stand. Under the lamp was a woolly mat of bright red yarn, a wonderful creation—under that a thin, white scarf, beautifully clean, the ironed creases standing out stiffly. Beside the lamp lay a pink-tipped conch shell and a Bible.

Sandy looked longest at the Bible beside the lamp and presently he took it up curiously, fingering it with a quizzical, weary smile.

Its edges were thin and frayed and he noticed that it was greatly worn.

Walter Sandy smiled and glanced at random through the book.

"Motherhood," he said half aloud. "Is there nowhere a father?—a dear old chap of the earth, a gentle old man with white hair? One who has raised a son?" As if in answer to the whimsical words, the fragile leaves separated at the tragic record of King David and the words of that ancient father-heart stared up at him. "Oh, Abanlon, my son, my son!" vital in their anguish. With a snap he closed the book, holding it tightly clasped in his hands while he stared into the flame of the lamp with knit brows and twitching lips.

It was as if the fateful cry had touched some sore spot in his heart, set throbbing some half-healed pain. For a moment a shadow as of a vague remorse darkened his expressive face

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